Bul. My heart willl ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps,
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to fet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euerie tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſsitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſsitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mocks at it and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſoare.
Gaunt. Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way,
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, ſweete ſoile adiew,
My Mother and my nurſe that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht, yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Buſhie, &c. at one doore, and the Lord Aumarle at the other.

King. We did obſerue. Cooſin Aumarle,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
King. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the ſleepie rewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
King. What ſaid your cooſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell, and for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſſion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our Coſins Cooſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman comes to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,